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NO. 32, DEC., 11, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE

THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

CONTENTS:

	Page.
We are Growing Old Together, (poetry)	497
The First Crime,	497
Tithing and Consecration, by Eli B. Kelsey,	500
My Creed, (poetry),	501
Orson Hyde on Apostacy	502
Who Gets Angry First,	504
The Manifesto—A Review of the Testimony, by E. W. Tullidge,	505
Mineral Developments and their Tendencies, by W. H. Shearman,	506
A Very Singular Story,	509

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No. 32] SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 11, 1869. [Vol. 3

WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

We are growing old together;
  There is silver in thy hair,
In the whiteness of my temples
  Life hath left its lines of care.
We are growing old together,
  Thou art beautiful to me;
We are growing old together,
  Am I beautiful to thee?

We are growing old together:
  When you held my plighted hand,
Life wore a look of splendor
  Unseen on sea or land.
By the pain of the lamenting
  That the summer could not bring,
With the ripeness of its fruitage,
  The brightness of the spring;
By the lovely hope we buried,
  By the dying child we kissed,
I love thee best, my dearest,
  For what thy life hath missed.

We are growing old together;
  When we drop the body's veil,
The one will wait the other
  Within the silent pale.
Into the grand Forever
  Together we will glide;
No power in the ages
  Our being can divide.
We shall grow young together;
  What poet ever sung
The rapture of Immortals,
  Who love, forever young!

THE FIRST CRIME.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

There was bustle in the sleeping-room of young Ella Lane, a dodging about of lights, a constant tramping of fat, good-natured serving-maids, a flitting of curious, smiling little girls, and a disarranging of drapery and furniture not very often occurring in this quiet and tasteful corner.

An arch-looking miss of twelve was standing before a basket, selecting the choicest flowers. On the bed lay a light fleecy dress of white. Immediately opposite a small fireplace sat a girl of seventeen, in half undress. Immediately behind the chair of the young lady stood a fair, mild-looking matron. There was a smile upon the mother's lip, a pleased, gratified smile, and yet half shadowed over by a strange anxiety that she strove to conceal from her happy children.

At last the young girl was arrayed, each braid in its place, and the wreath of purple buds falling behind her ear, her simple dress floating about her slight figure, her white kid gloves drawn upon her hands, and fan, bouquet and kerchief all in readiness. The large warm shall had been carefully laid on her shoulders, the mother's kiss was on her cheek, and a "don't stay late, dear," in her ear; she had nodded good-bye to all, but when on the bottom stair she paused.

"I'm sorry to go without you, mamma."

"I am sorry that you must, dear. But I hope you will find it very pleasant."

"It will be pleasant, I have no doubt. But, mamma, I am afraid you are not quite well, or perhaps," she whispered, "you have something to trouble you; if so, I should very much like to stay with you."

"No, dear, I am quite well, and—" Mrs. Lane did not say *happy*, for the falsehood died on her lips, but she smiled so cheerily, and her eye looked so clear and bright as it met her daughter's that Ella took it for a negative, as she sprang into the carriage.

When Mrs. Lane turned from the door the smile had entirely disappeared, and an expression of anxious solicitude occupied its place. She paused beneath the hall lamp, and pulling a scrap of paper from her bosom, read—"Do not go out to-night, dear mother; I *must* see you. He will not come in before eleven—I will be with you by ten." It was written in a hurried, irregular hand, and was without signature; but it needed none.

"My poor, poor boy!" murmured the now almost weeping mother, as she crushed the paper in her hand and laid it back upon her heart. "It may be wrong to deceive him so; but how can a mother refuse to see the son she has carried in her arms and nursed upon her bosom? Poor Robert!"

Ay, poor Robert, indeed, the only son of one of the proudest and wealthiest citizens of New York, and yet without a shelter for his head!

Mr. Lane had lived a bachelor, until the age of forty-two, when he married a beautiful girl of eighteen—the mother whom we have already introduced to our readers. She was gentle and complying, hence the rigid sternness of his character seldom had an opportunity to exhibit itself. But the iron was all there, though buried for a time in the flowers which love had nursed into bloom above it. The eldest of their children was a boy—a frank, heartsome, merry fellow—a lamb to those who would condescend to lead him by love,

but exhibiting even in infancy an indomitable will that caused the young mother many an anxious foreboding. But as the boy grew towards manhood a new and deeper cause for anxiety began to appear. To Robert's gayety were added other qualities that made him a fascinating companion; his society was constantly sought, first by the families in which his parents were on terms of intimacy, and then by others, and still others, till Mrs. Lane began to tremble lest among her son's associates might be found some of exceptional character. By degrees he spent fewer evenings at home, went out with her less frequently, and accounted for his absence less satisfactorily. Then she spoke to him on the subject, and received his assurance that all was well—that she need not be troubled about his falling into bad company; but she was troubled.

There was at evening a wild sparkle in the boy's eye and an unnatural glow upon his cheek that told of unhealthy excitement, but in the morning it was all gone, and his gayety, sometimes his cheerfulness, fled with it. Mrs. Lane was anxious, but she confined her anxiety to her own bosom, not even whispering it to her husband, lest he should ridicule it on the one hand, or on the other exercise a severity which should lead to a collision. But matters grew worse and worse constantly. Robert was seldom home till late at night, and then he came heated and flurried, and hastened away to bed as though his mother's loving eye were a monitor he could not meet. She sought opportunities to warn him, but he feared and evaded them, and so several more weeks passed by—weeks of more importance than many a lifetime. Finally Mrs. Lane became seriously alarmed, and consulted her husband.

"I have business with you to-night, Robert," said Mr. Lane, pointedly, as the boy was going out after dinner, "and will see you in the library at nine o'clock."

"I—I have—an engagement, sir. If some other hour—"

"No other hour will do. You have no engagement that will be allowed to interfere with those I make for you."

Robert was about to answer, perhaps angrily, when he caught a glimpse of his mother. Her face was of an ashy hue, and a large tear was trembling in her eye. He turned hastily away, and was hurrying along the hall; but before he had reached the street door her hand was on his arm, and she whispered in his ear:

"Meet your father at nine, as he has bidden you, Robert, and do not, for my sake—for your mother's sake, Robert—do not say anything to exasperate him."

"Do not fear, mother," he answered, in a subdued tone; then as the door closed behind him, he muttered, "He will be exasperated enough with little saying, if his business is what I suspect, What a fool I have been—mad—mad! I wish I had told him at first, without being driven to it through waiting; but now—I will make one more attempt—desperate it must be, and then, if the worst comes, he will only punish *me*. That I can bear patiently, for I deserve it; but it would kill my poor mother—this he *must not* tell her!"

Mrs. Lane started nervously at every ring of the door-bell that evening; and when at nine she heard it, she could not forbear stepping into the hall to see who was admitted. It was her husband, and only waiting to enquire of the girl if Robert had yet come in, he passed on to the library. Mrs. Lane found it more difficult than ever to sustain conversation; she became abstracted, nervous, and when her few evening visitors departed, she was so manifestly relieved that Ella inquired in surprise if anything had been said or done to annoy her. It was past ten, and Robert had not yet appeared. Finally the bell was pulled violently, and she hastened to the door herself. With livid lip and bloodshot eye her son stepped to the threshold, and starting at sight of her, he hurried away to the library without giving her another glance. How slowly passed the moments to the waiting mother! How she longed to catch but a tone of those voices, both so loved, that she might know whether they sounded in confidence or anger. What Robert's course had been she could not guess, but she knew that he would be required to give a strict account of himself, and she dreaded the effect of her husband's well known severity. A few minutes passed (they seemed an age to her), and then she heard the door of the library thrown open, and a moment after a quick, light step sounded upon the stairs—it was Robert's.

"You are not going out again, my son?" she inquired.

"Father will tell you why I go, dear mother," said the boy, pausing, and pressing her hand affectionately. "I must not wait to answer questions now." He passed on till he reached the door, then returning back, whispered, "Be at Mrs. Hinman's to-morrow evening, mother;" and before she had time to ask a question, or utter an exclamation of surprise, he had disappeared up the street.

But poor Mrs. Lane was soon made acquainted with the truth. Mr. Lane was somewhat vexed with himself for not perceiving his son's tendency to error before, and like many others, he seemed resolved to make up in decision what he had lost by blindness. It was this which had caused his sharpness when he made the appointment, and he considered his dignity compromised when nine o'clock passed and his son seemed resolved on acting in open disobedience to his command. When the culprit appeared, he demanded peremptorily a full confession, and Robert gave it. He had fallen into gay society, then into vicious, and he was not the one to occupy a minor position anywhere. Wine and wit had reduced him, and in an evil hour he sat down to the gaming-table. He had played at first a trivial stake, then more deeply, and had that night plunged in almost past extrication. At any time Mr. Lane would have been shocked, now he was exasperated, and spoke bitterly. At first Robert did not retort, for he had come in resolved on confession and reformation; but finally, repentance was drowned in anger, and he answered as a son, particularly as an erring son, should not. Then a few more words ensued, unreasonable on both sides; Mr. Lane asserting that debts so contracted were dishonest, and should not be paid, and Robert declaring that they should be paid if he gamed his life long to win the money; till finally the old man's rage became uncontrollable. It was in obedience to his father's command that Robert left his home that night with an order never to cross its threshold again.

For two or three weeks Mrs. Lane, now and then of an evening met her son at the houses of her friends, and then he disappeared almost entirely. Since the first disclosure she had never mentioned Robert's name to her husband; and Ellen only knew that some angry words had estranged her father and brother for a time—she was ignorant of Robert's guilt and danger.

The evening on which our story commences Mrs. Lane had intended to spend abroad with her daughter, but had been prevented by the receipt of the note before mentioned. Robert had never been home since he was commanded to leave it, and though anxious both about the cause and result, she could not but be rejoiced at the thought of seeing him again in her own private sitting-room. She had many things, too, to learn respecting his manner of living, and his intentions for the future.

While Mrs. Lane walked up and down her little sitting-room, wishing that ten o'clock would come, her son entered his small, scantily-furnished apartment in a decent boarding-house, and throwing himself on the only chair within it, he

covered his face with his hands. For a long time he sat in this position, then he arose, and taking down a pocket pistol, carefully primed it and laid it beneath his pillow. Immediately, however, he took it out, charged it heavily, and laying it on the table, folded his arms and gazed upon it, muttering, "It may be needed when I least expect it. I have at least one friend while this is by." Then muffling himself up, he hurried into the street, and soon reached his father's door, where he stood in hesitation.

He rang. The girl started when she opened the door, but gave no other signal of recognition. Robert inquired after Mrs. Lane. In a moment afterwards he leaned his forehead on his mother's knees.

"Is it any new trouble, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly; "any new—*guilt?*" she whispered, bending her lips close to his ear, and placing the other arm over his neck. "Tell your mother, Robert—she will help you. O Robert, you know she will love you and cling to you through it all!"

The boy raised his head, and now she saw, for the first time, the change that had come over him. His face was haggard, his eyes sunk and bloodshot; that round, rosy cheek, which her lips had loved to meet, had grown pale and thin; and in place of the gay, careless smile had arisen looks of anxiety and bitterness.

"I shall break your heart, mother," he said, sorrowfully, "and poor little Ella's too! O, it is a dreadful thing to murder those one loves best! I never meant to do it; try to remember that, dear mother, will you, whatever comes."

"I do believe it, Robert."

"Ah! you know only a small part yet; but I could not go away without seeing and telling you. I knew you would learn it from others."

"But surely, Robert, you have nothing worse to tell me than I know already?"

"You know that night my father summoned me to his library? I had told my companions it should be my last among them; I promised myself so, and I repeated it to my father, and I would have kept my promise, I *would*. But you know how it turned out. It *did* seem dishonorable to refuse to pay those debts. I left him, and then I was desperate. I was determined to have the money, mother, and I got it."

"How, Robert?"

"Not honestly."

The boy's voice was low and husky, and his face was of a deathlike paleness.

A faintness came over her, but she gaspingly articulated:

"How, Robert?"

"By forgery! No matter for the particulars; I could not tell them now, and you could not hear. To-morrow all will be discovered, and I must escape. But I never meant it should come to this; I thought I could have paid it."

Mrs. Lane made a strong effort, and murmured. brokenly:

"To-morrow! O, to-morrow! O, my poor ruined boy!"

"I know that after-deeds cannot compensate, mother; but if a life of rectitude, if—"

Robert paused suddenly, and his father entered the room. A cloud instantly gathered upon his countenance.

"*You* here, sirrah! What business brings you to the home you have dishonored?"

"I came to see my mother, sir."

"It is the last time then," said Mr. Lane, sternly.

"The last time!" echoed Robert, in a tone of mocking bitterness.

"The last time!" whispered the white lips of the mother, as her husband left the room, and she slid to the floor, lightly and unresistingly. Robert raised her head to his bosom and covered her pale face with his tears.

Mrs. Lane was awakened by the warm drops raining on her face, and starting up wildly, she entreated him to be gone.

"I cannot go to-night, mother. I waited to see you, and so lost the opportunity. It is too late to take a boat now. I shall go to some of the landings above when I leave here, and in the morning go aboard the first boat that passes."

So deeply were both engaged, that neither the merry voice of Ella in the doorway, nor her step along the hall, reached them. She entered.

"Robert! *you* here, Robert?"

But neither Mrs. Lane nor Robert spoke—the boy only strained his sister convulsively to his heart.

"Alas! my poor Ella," sobbed Mrs. Lane, "our Robert has come home now for the last time—we part from him to-night forever."

"Forever!" And Ella's cheeks turned as pale as the white glove which she raised to put back her curls from her forehead.

Robert then made the same confession to his sister that he had already made to his mother.

"You!" exclaimed Ella, almost scornfully, springing to her feet, "you, Robert Lane, my brother! Is it so, mamma? Is my brother a villain, a forger? is he—"

"Hush, Ella, hush!" interrupted Mrs. Lane; "it is for those who have hard hearts to condemn, not for you, my daughter. There will be insults enough heaped on his poor head to-morrow; at least, let him have love and pity here."

"Pity! Whom did he pity or love when he deliberately—"

Ella stood for a moment, white and trembling, and then flinging herself into her brother's arms, exclaimed:

"I do pity you: but the disgrace may be avoided. Papa will, of course, shield his own name. I will go to him directly."

Suddenly breaking from him, she hurried up the stairs. Along the hall she went, but when she reached her father's door, she paused in dread. She could hear his heavy, monotonous tramp, as he walked up and down the room; and remembering his almost repulsive sternness, she dreaded meeting him. At last she opened the door and burst forth:

"Come down and see Robert, papa—come and save him! They will drag him away to prison for forgery, and you will be the father of a condemned criminal, and I his sister. O, do not let him go away from us so! Come, do see him, and you will pity him—you cannot help it."

"Forgery, Ella! He has not—"

"He has! and you must save him, papa; for your own sake, for all our sakes!"

"Do you know this, Ella? It is not true. It is a miserable subterfuge to wheedle money from his mother to squander among the vile wretches whom he has preferred to us. No—send him back to his dissolute—"

"Is that the way to make him better, papa?" inquired Ella, raising her head and fixing her sparkling eyes on him resolutely. "You sent him back to them before, you shut the door on him. There were none to say 'Take care, Robert!' and no wonder they have made him what he is. Robert has committed a dreadful crime, but it was when you, who should have prevented it, had shut your heart against him. If Robert is put in prison, I would almost as soon be in his place as yours."

"Ella! Ella!"

"I should, papa. I know you cannot do wrong without feeling remorse. You must forgive Robert, and you must save him and us the disgrace of an exposure."

"I will avert the disgrace while I have the power, Ella, but that will not be long, if he goes on at this rate. Do you know the sum he asks?"

"He asks none. I ask for him the sum that you refused before."

"Well, then, give him that and bid him depart."

"And may I not tell him you forgive him?"

"No."

"That you pity him?"

"No!"

"May I not say that when he is reformed he may come back to us and be received with open hands and heart?"

"Say nothing but what I bid you, and go."

Ella returned to her brother.

"There is the money, Robert," flinging the purse on the table; "and now you must go back with me and say to our father that you are sorry you have made him miserable."

"He will turn me from the door, Ella."

"And do you not deserve it?"

"Ella!" interposed the tender mother.

"I do—that, and more."

The excited girl clasped both hands over her brother's arm and led the way up stairs, while the trembling mother followed. When they entered Mr. Lane's room, the old man sat in his arm-chair, leaning over a table and resting his forehead upon his clasped hands. The heart of the erring boy was stricken at the sight. The sorrow that he had brought upon his mother and sister had been duly weighed, but his stern father had never been reckoned among the sufferers. A loud, convulsive sob burst from his bosom, and he threw himself, without a word, at the old man's feet. The mother drew near and joined her son, and Ella, first kissing her father's hand, placed it on Robert's head.

"You forgive him, papa—you forgive poor Robert? He shall never act wickedly again, and he is your only son."

Bowing his head on the shoulder of his son, the old man wept aloud.

"Stay with us, Robert," at last he said; "stay and make yourself worthy of the love that forgives so much."

Men never knew by what a very hair hung Robert Lane's welfare—that a mere breath alone had stood between him and ignominy. Years afterwards, when he was an honored and respected citizen, no one knew why he should ever turn to the erring with encouraging words. But yet a white-haired man, who watched his course with an eagle eye, might often have been heard muttering to himself, with proud and wondering affection:

"This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

TITHING AND CONSECRATION.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

In view of the present demand for tithes, and the prospective call for consecrations upon the members of the Church of Latter-day Saints, we wish to offer a few reflections upon the subject of tithes and consecrations. Heretofore, it has been taught that the revealed law of tithing required the payment of the tenth of the entire productive labor of the members of the Church. *This is not true*, nor can any law, requiring the faithful to so tithe themselves, be truthfully gathered from any revelation ever given upon the subject. The Saints are required by the revealed law to pay into "the Lord's store-house" the tenth of their INTEREST annually.

The first revelation on this subject—that any more than incidentally mentioned tithing in connection with the law of consecration—was given at Far West, Missouri, July 8th, 1838, in answer to the question: "O Lord, shew unto Thy servants how much Thou requirest of the properties of Thy people for a tithing." The answer of this prayer—after reiterating in general terms the law of consecration given February, 1831—goes on to say,—"And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of My people, and after that, those who have been thus tithed, *shall pay one tenth of their interest annually*, and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for My Holy Priesthood, saith the Lord."

We perceive, by the above quotation, that the tenth of the "*interest*" of the productive labor of the Saints was all that the Lord required as an annual tithe, after they consecrate all their surplus properties to begin with. The first requisition was simply (see Revelation given Feb. 1831, page 124) to,—"consecrate of thy properties;" but the covetousness of the people was such that this indefinite law met with but little response, and gave rise to endless divisions of opinion on the subject. The Revelation of 1838 settled the subject as definitely as it possibly could do. It does not authorize any person to determine what another man's tithing amounts to. It leaves that to be settled by the person himself, who is called upon to tithe.

These revelations, like all the rest given in this dispensation, throw the responsibility to act honestly and nobly, in his dealings with his God, directly upon the individual upon whom the requisition is made. It does not authorize any living man—be he priest or High Priest—to sit in judgment on the affairs of a man, where his conscience alone must be judge. It does not create a master, or masters, to dictate what the conscience of the believer allows or does not allow, unless his conscience permits him to trespass upon his neighbor. Should a man, in the free exercise of his rights of conscience, so trespass, litigation would be the result. The Priesthood in that case have the power to interfere, as "peace makers," and as the defenders of the innocent and unjustly treated.

Having settled the question as to who shall be the judge of how much or how little of a man's properties shall be considered "surplus," let us come to the question of how much the laws of God require as a man's tithing.

The "surplus" of a man's property was all that was required as a *beginning* of the principle or law of tithing. In answer to the question propounded, the Lord said,—"I require all the SURPLUS property." That which was not surplus property. was not required. The poor were not to be burdened by this law. Now, let us enquire what the word surplus means. The Lord says: (Doc. & Cov., page 124, Par. 10,) "And, again, if there shall be properties in the hands of the Church, or any individual of it, *more than is necessary* for their support, after this first consecration," etc., etc. Here, then, we have the answer as to what is to be considered as "surplus property." No requisition for property is to be made of the poor who have not any more property "than is necessary for their support."

Now, suppose that we claim that the words,—"one tenth of all their interest," mean a tenth of the total sum of a man's income, then we must admit that the law of tithing requires more than was ever contemplated by the law of Consecration itself; for by that law the surplus, only, is demanded. This way of interpreting Tithing reqaires a tenth of the *sum* of our labors, whether that labor produces a sufficiency or an insufficiency for our support. There would be manifest injustice in such a law. If the "*surplus*" only, was required in the first great requisition of the law, then the *tenth* of the *annual surplus* is all that the law of tithing contemplates. The "tenth of all their interest" means the tenth of all their surplus from each year's labor, over and above what "is necessary for their support."

For the better elucidation of this subject, let us suppose

that a man's labor produces one thousand dollars per year, and that the "necessary support" of himself, and the loved ones dependent upon him, requires the expenditure of the whole of that one thousand dollars. If, then, the *sum* of the product of his labor is to be tithed, which will amount to one hundred dollars, it is clear that he must either suffer for some things necessary for his support, or run into debt for the one hundred dollars. How long would it take before a man would be in bondage at that rate?

Our views of the laws of tithing may be objected to by some—not because they are not true views, for they cannot be denied—but because if the fact is admitted that a tenth of the *surplus* of a man's income constitutes his tithing instead of a tenth of the total sum, it would so far decrease the aggregate amount paid into the "Lord's store-house," as the tithes of His people, that the sum would not be so large as at present. We freely admit that for the present, at least, the vast sums now paid yearly to the Trustee-in-Trust would not be realized; but this would be of little consequence, inasmuch as the Church has a greater mission than the mere accumulation of funds. On the other hand, we claim that were the members of the Church made to feel that a spirit of liberality, generosity and consideration governed the raising of Tithing and other funds, it would so enlarge their sympathies that if the poor paid less the rich would give more; men, generally, would be more conscientious in the settlement of their tithing, and the principle would be found to have compensations on every hand.

We come now to the principle of Consecration, which, indeed, should have been considered first; for the law of Tithing is not, as some imagine, a "school-master" to bring us to the higher law of Consecration. The law of consecration is, as the Lord said, (Doc. & Cov., page 223,) "the BEGINNING of the *tithing* of my people." We simply yield to the prevailing idea entertained by many of our brethren and speak of it as the "higher law."

Light is not further from darkness, nor white from black, than is the true interpretation of the law of consecration from that interpretation which is being impressed upon the people of this Territory. It is taught, generally, to our people that Consecration means the giving up of ALL their property into the hands of the Trustee-in-Trust, who is to give back to them such portion of it as he may see proper to return to them, which portion they are to hold in trust *for him*, to be used at his sole dictation, or at the dictation of the Presidency, which means the same thing. Now let us enquire what the Lord has said about the amount of a man's property that is subject to the law of consecration:

"If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments. And, behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support, that which thou hast to impart unto them with a covenant and a deed which cannot be broken; and, inasmuch as ye impart *of* your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me, and they shall be *laid before the Bishop* of my Church and his counselors. * * * * And it shall come to pass, that after they are laid before the Bishop of my Church, and after he has received these testimonies concerning the consecration of the properties of my Church, that they cannot be taken from the Church agreeably to my commandments: every man shall be made accountable to ME, *a steward over his own property*, or that which he has *received by consecration*, inasmuch as is sufficient for himself and family."—*Doc. & Cov., Sec. XIII., Par.* 8.

Judge ye, Elders of Israel, which law of consecration is right—the Consecration as above enunciated, which is full of truth, justice and mercy, or the law as now taught by the Priesthood, which requires *all* of our substance to be laid at the Apostles' feet, with but "*one* pocket for the whole Church" and that dictated by the Presidency through the Bishops?

The law of the Lord, as above quoted, calls upon the rich to open their hearts for the benefit of the poor, and to place means in their hands, so that with industry and economy they may render themselves independent, and be stewards unto God over *their own property*. The law, as now interpreted, reduces not only the poor but the rich also, to the condition of TENANTS AT WILL, and places them in bondage to their fellow man. The Lord says, (Doc. & Cov., page 281,) "Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage, one to another, and for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood."

It will be seen at a glance that the Consecration required in the paragraphs which we have quoted, is a Consecration solely for the benefit of the poor, and it will also be seen that the property consecrated is to be deeded directly over to them and not to the Church, although the deeds are to be laid before the Bishop. Here then is the object of all the Consecration required. All Consecration for other purposes than the relief of the poor, has no authority so far as the revelations of Joseph Smith are concerned. It is true that he says that if there are properties in the hands of the Church after the poor are supplied, more than is necessary for their support, it can go to build houses of worship and purchasing public lands for the benefit of the Church, etc. This is only just and right, and none can object to such a disposal of all that the poor do not require. We should have no objection to doing the same with the surplus means of any other "poor fund," and Consecration, first and last, is nothing more than a grand poor fund as taught in these revelations. How far it is practised in that light all can judge for themselves.

Furthermore, the Lord, in giving a law of Consecration and Tithing, never intended to create a vast monied power in the midst of the Church, to be placed in the hands of an irresponsible agent acknowledging no power in the Church to call him to account. For better information on this subject, we refer our readers to a study of the paragraphs already quoted.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I, moreover, hold and dare
Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nurseling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers;
Or by some cabin door or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

REPLY TO ORSON HYDE ON APOSTACY.

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

How oppressive and cruel was the Priesthood in heaven in casting out the "Son of the Morning" and his adherents, by coercion, for the very slight offense of differing a little in opinion from the ruling powers in that country. And how very unwise was that priesthood in thus protecting its own union! Would it not have been far better for Lucifer to remain in heaven with all his difference of opinion, causing a very agreeable variety in the midst of the heavenly throng? Would not earth thereby have been relieved from the constant warfare we have now to wage against that nice old gentleman? Would not such a heaven be a desirable home for us poor, weary and worn out earthly pilgrims after the journey of life is ended? A constant war of words and war of sentiment would chain us to endless strife! Oh, what bliss, what raptures, and what sweet strains of celestial music must fall upon the ears of the ransomed throng! * * * * * * * * * *

Lucifer is full of argument to-day against the alleged injustice done him by his expulsion. He murmurs against and accuses his legitimate Head. His mind is fruitful in thought and word, and there is no end to his sayings; and for all of these, he will be destroyed. * * * * * * * * * * *

Springtown, Nov. 28, 1869. ORSON HYDE.

In the above correspondence, Elder Hyde wishes to defend the right of the Priesthood to cast out of the Church any who differ with them in opinion, to do this he refers to the case of the Almighty casting the Devil out of heaven, which to his mind is a perfectly parallel affair. The argument stands thus with him: Lucifer differed with God who cast him out. Certain parties have differed with Brigham Young, who, therefore, has an equal right to cast them out of the Church. Inasmuch as Lucifer had no right to grumble at the Almighty's decision, those who are cast out of the Church for differing with President Young have no more right to object to his course. Orson Hyde here makes a very common mistake; he simply forgets to prove that the Almighty and Brigham Young are one and the same thing.

Elder Hyde, of course, has never thought of the difference between Brigham Young and the Almighty. It is this difference that makes all assertions that he can act as absolutely as Jehovah perfect folly. The Almighty possesses boundless wisdom, infinite knowledge and eternal justice. All His laws are absolute truth. There is no possibility of error or injustice in any of His decisions. To object to them, is, in every case, to object to the TRUTH itself. Is this Brigham Young's case; can he make no mistake; can he commit no injustice? The Almighty's wisdom is spread out in scenes of unutterable power and grandeur throughout the Universe. We bow the heart and the head before them in speechless adoration at the perfection of beauty and unfailing skill they display. Is there any comparison between opposing the will of this immutable One and objecting to the opinion of an earth-born mortal like ourselves, who has manifested his liability to failure, both in his official and private acts—like all other men—in a score of ways? To disobey a man like this, Orson Hyde thinks a parallel case to differing with Jehovah—the majestic center of all life, power and wisdom.

Elder Hyde would, perhaps, reply that if the Priesthood are so immeasurably below the Almighty, in wisdom and ability, they still hold His Priesthood, or His authority and should, therefore, be obeyed like Himself. But this is nonsense. As all intelligent persons will see the Almighty can confer authority, but he cannot confer His own ability and intelligence with it. That is a question of time and growth. Hence, no mortal ever did or ever will receive authority to demand unlimited obedience, because he cannot receive unlimited wisdom to guide him in the use of it; and authority conferred without proportionate wisdom is despotism, tyranny and enslavement to mankind.

Inasmuch as it is argued by the believers of unquestioning obedience to the Priesthood, that our declaration that a Divine Movement has been started by the Almighty for the correction of the present abuse of power by the Priesthood and their known lack of spirituality, must be false, because God's Priesthood never will be allowed by Him to lead the people astray; we shall now prove, first that the Presiding Priesthood can go wrong; and, secondly, that when wrong, the evil can only be corrected through new channels of divine communication opened up to the People.

To suppose that the presiding Authorities never can by any possibillity go wrong, is to ignore the plainest facts of history. It is well known that the presidency of the ancient church did lead the people astray; and did it, too, by establishing Elder Hyde's doctrine that the Head is always right, and that to oppose him is, like Lucifer, to rebel against God. Having got the people in this helpless condition, so that they feared to oppose them lest they should offend the Almighty, the ancient Priesthood by degrees increased their claims to absolute authority, till they built up the most monstrous system of priestly tyranny the world has ever heard of. This very state of things was not originated by the Church of Rome in the days of its power, but was started by the very Authorities who survived the apostles, and who were ordained directly by them, or by those whom they ordained. It is a mistake to suppose that every person that received a legal ordination from the apostles, or those that were appointed by them, was killed off. Scores and hundreds of men whose ordinations could be traced as directly to the apostles as many of ours can to Joseph Smith, were then alive. The Seers and Revelators it is true were killed off the same as ours was in the case of Joseph Smith. The remaining Authorities did just what ours did, the next highest in authority claimed to lead the Church. And greater or less manifestations of the Holy Spirit were given for a long time; so that the Church was acknowledged of God about as much as ours has been. It was during these early times that the Presiding Priesthod, by the aid of this very doctrine of unquestioning obedience—which our Authorities are now trying to force down on the people—lead the church astray. If this can be done once it can occur again. It was the same priesthood and authority that went wrong that now exists in our midst. *Their* priesthood was obtained from Peter, James and John the same as ours. Our priesthood have received no promise that they shall be exempt from error, or false measures, any more than theirs. God has, indeed, promised that our institutions shall never pass away—and they never will; but He has not said that He will never need to correct the policy of those presiding.

Some, who admit that the Priesthood can err and introduce measures opposed to the will of Heaven, argue that God will always correct the Priesthood through themselves. The answer to this is, if the Priesthood can lose sufficient of the spirit of their priesthood to permit their introducing wrong measures in the first place, the same loss of the spirit of their religion will prevent their being set right afterwards. If men are stubborn enough to resist the gentle influences of the true spirit when it is strongest within them, will not the same stubbornness more than keep out such divine influences when they have weakened in their hold and have been partially driven away? How then shall the priesthood be corrected through themselves?

We will now show that the right of all men to refuse to obey the Priesthood any further than the wisdom of God is manifested in their dictations, is the only safeguard the Church *or even the Heavens themselves* have from perversion of the truth Let them once establish the doctrine that all views in opposition to that of the presiding authority are,

of necessity, in opposition to God, and it must follow that unless they can always COMPEL the President to keep right, the Heavens have shut themselves off from the control of the people, and any Presidency can do as they please; for God cannot get at the people through the Presidency, neither can He speak through any below them in position, for directly He does so, they are in a position to denounce all such inspiration as being "of the Devil." By establishing such a doctrine God, Himself, would therefore be shut out from the correction of any evil by His own act. If for no other reasons, then, such a doctrine is monstrous and impossible.

But the question will arise with some,—If God calls a man to preside, cannot he keep him from going wrong? Without a moment's hesitation we reply, No! God can keep no man from going wrong. If God could compel man to go right by the exercise of His Divine Will, He could force a million on the same principle; and there would be no need of waiting thousands of weary years for a millenium. The agency and natural characteristics of a man called to preside over God's Church can no more be forced than that of any other man. The spirits of all men are governed by the same invariable laws. It is an eternal truth, to which there is no exception that God cannot inspire a man with any principle of truth, unless he *yields* himself to it, and throws his whole nature open to its reception, Angelic influences are soft, gentle and tender. They can *force* nothing. All that God or Angels can do with any man is to work in harmony with his natural development; and as fast as he seeks for truths of any particular kind, pour in suggestive thoughts by which he can travel step by step to higher principles. If a man's mind is shut against any particular order of truths, the whole Heavenly world combined cannot open it, any more than ten thousand men could force a flower to open before it was ready. If it opens properly it must open of itself. The same principle applies to visions and inspired dreams, as much as to enlightenment coming through the mind. They cannot be given, to answer a divine end, unless the mind is in a receptive condition If, then, a President of the Church be wrong, he cannot be set right by any of these means. If, for instance, his feelings and desires go out incessantly after temporalities, he cannot be made to see the beauty, loveliness and necessity of spiritual principles; and the people under him must, for the time being, famish for the bread of life.

But some will inquire, supposing this to be the case, and that God could not get at such a man owing to his mental condition, could He not send an angel and cause him to see him visibly and thus force him to know his will? To this we reply that God certainly can and does send angels, but no men can see one if He does do so, unless he is a Seer by nature. The present President of the Church is not a man of this order and could not see an angel if a thousand stood by his side. And if he could, it is not the policy of the Heavens to force things in this way. Unless a man's heart is filled with a sense of the excellence and propriety of a truth which God wishes to communicate, He does not wish him to teach it, inasmuch as he would, under such circumstances, proclaim it merely like a parrot. It would be the dry word —the letter which killeth; it would lack the spirit which giveth life. Under these circumstances, then,—angels, visions, dreams, impressions all being impossible—God has no alternative but to raise up fresh channels of communication with the people as fast as circumstances present themselves and the minds of the people are ripe for such changes.

But, if—as is the case with our Church—the Presiding head has, by the influence of his position—and the aid of his assistant rulers whom he has carefully selected to that end—built up in the minds of the people a belief that all opposition to his views is of necessity opposed to God; then —inasmuch as the masses cannot be appealed to by their inspirations—is the way hedged with such difficulties that the people are hopelessly enslaved; and the evil must be allowed to go on until its very oppressiveness compels them to believe that it is possible that such a system may be wrong, and by thus emancipating their minds prepares them to accept light and truth from other sources than the Presiding Authorities. This is the philosophy of our situation to-day, and the reason why things have been allowed to go on as they have in the past, and the reason why, at this period of our history, a heavenly message through new channels of communication is necessary. It can come in no other way.

This argument of Orson Hyde's about Lucifer is a very opportune one, for it serves to illustrate the weak kind of groundwork upon which the advocates of unconditional obedience build. They always assume that the very question is proved about which they propose to argue. For instance, in this case the question in dispute is:—Is the President of the Church entitled to the same implicit obedience as that required by the Almighty himself. This is the point to be settled. Orson Hyde, instead of settling this question, concludes at once that Brigham has the same right to obedience as God; and begins to talk about the Almighty's rights as if this had anything to do with the question what President Young has a right to do? If it was *proved* that the President of the Church did stand absolutely in the place of the Almighty to us, and that he possessed God's infallibility, God's matchless wisdom and goodness, it would be important to know what the Almighty did with Satan, as that would be a precedent for Brigham Young to go by. But seeing that neither he nor any other man that ever lived, ever did possess these qualities of the Almighty or the *right* to stand in His place, and act as absolutely, the argument is useless and falls to the ground.

And mark, reader, that the arguers of blind obedience always make this same fatal mistake; always take for granted that it is already proved Brigham Young's dictations are the same as God's, whereas this is the point to be proved. They refer to a number of men to whom God spoke personally, and who of course obeyed without question. And they say triumphantly,—"look, here is a proof that the President should be obeyed unconditionally. Do you not see that directly God spoke to these men they obeyed?" They refer to the fact that God spoke to Abraham, and that Abraham obeyed without question. Suppose that he did, it was God who spoke to Abraham and not man, and that made all the difference. Suppose that Abraham, instead of God, had spoken to some one else, and the individual had not been sure that Abraham told God's will correctly, would he have been under the same responsibility to obey Abraham that Abraham was to obey God? Is there no difference between having God speak to us personally, and getting His will second hand? Abraham was *sure* that it was God's will that was presented to him. He had no room for doubt—he, therefore, was under obligation to obey. Now, we have never had any objection to obeying even unconditionally when we have no doubt that it is God who speaks. Nor have we any objection to obeying Him in the Priesthood, when we are certain that it is God's will that is presented to us. All that we claim is that we have a right to be *sure* that the President's dictations are the will of God before we obey them; and it was for asserting this right, and teaching it to others that we were cut off from the Church. Any one can see that in the cases of Lucifer and Abraham, both *knew* that it was God's will that they were called upon to obey—theirs are, therefore, not parallel cases to ours. Whenever we know assuredly, like they are assumed to have done, that

it is God who speaks, we will obey passively and without question. All sensible persons will see at once that this view of the case disposes of Elder Hyde's Lucifer argument at once and for ever.

There is another argument now being extensively used by the advocates of passive obedience. The case of the Israelites and their passive obedience to Moses is cited as an example of what God requires of us. As a proof that we have no right to use our reason with respect to the requirements of the Priesthood, we are reminded that the Israelites were commanded to walk seven times round Jericho and blow on ram's horns. We are told that, unreasonable as it appeared, blind obedience to this requirement brought down the walls of that city. In both of these cases the quoters forget that we are not under the law of Moses, or any of its conditions. We are under a Gospel dispensation, a "law of liberty"—a law which pre-supposes freedom of thought, and which appeals only to the highest qualities of our nature. This was not the case with the Israelites. They were serfs just redeemed from Egyptian slavery, with ideas no higher than to worship a golden calf—they were fit only for blind obedience, and consequently were handled by the Almighty just as children always have to be; mechanical, unquestioning obedience, was required of them; and it was the best thing for people in their semi-civilized and ignorant condition. But when ages of higher civilization had arrived, and a nobler race was on the earth, Jesus came, the harbinger of a new era. Before him and the new light which he brought, all such childish, mechanical requirements, as walking round walls and blowing on ram's horns, and every other unreasoning requirement of the lower priesthood passed away. Under the influences of his grand dispensation of life and freedom, man stepped forth disenthralled, ransomed and redeemed from blind obedience for ever. Its chains and manacles passed away and were buried with all the rest of the barbarian code fitted to those times. And they never shall be resurrected. It is the voice of Jesus which cries to-day,—"Children, arise! be free! awake to life and liberty!" They that ask us to lay our reason at their feet, can know but little of the liberality of his great spirit. There is no precedent in his church for the absolute control of body, soul, brains, talent and means, as aimed at by our priesthood. To find a precedent for such demands, they have to go back to the barbarian days of Moses, or prophets of his class. Jesus, Peter, John and James, men of the higher priesthood, put forth no such claims. They are utterly without precedent or foundation, and must pass away.

In closing, let us say that we do not wish to have it inferred because we differ with Orson Hyde or any other of the Twelve that we imagine they are bad men. Doubtless, Bro. Hyde fully believes what he says. What we say to Orson Hyde is, that he and his brethren of the Twelve have surrendered their judgment and inspiration into the hands of one man, and thereby shut off the opportunity for God to get at them. He and they are unwilling to trust their own inspirations for fear they should lead them astray. If their inward light reveals to them anything contrary to the teaching of President Young, they are afraid to receive it; hence, God has no means of correcting any wrong principle through the Twelve. Although told by Joseph Smith that they "form a quorum EQUAL in power and authority to the First Presidency," they fear to assert their right, and let God speak through them, consequently there is no redemption for this people through that quorum, because under the influence of the delusive doctrine that the President must be always right, they have manacled their own hands, and are in captivity like the rest. And as it is with the Twelve, so is it with the other quorums—all have accepted this same false dogma. All have, therefore, placed themselves in a position where their own light and inspirations are useless to them, for they have laid it down as a fixed truth, that all revelations to themselves which differ with the dictates of the President must be false. Hence God can reveal nothing to them that they will accept except it agrees with the policy of Brigham Young. On this account the President holds the key of the position, and the Heavens are locked outside, so far as correcting any error is concerned. This is the situation of affairs, and there being no alternative God has called upon men holding lower positions in the same priesthood to do His work. He has spoken again to us as a people. His voice is now ringing through our mountain vallies proclaiming a day of spiritual emancipation, of which great fact by the DIRECT revelations of Jesus Christ to myself I am a personal witness.

WHO GETS ANGRY FIRST?

We remember hearing a story of an old man who was in the habit of attending a society and listening to discussions which everybody knew were above his comprehension. He was asked how he could take any interest in such proceedings, seeing, from his education and opportunities, he could not be supposed to be capable of judging who was right in the case. The old fellow replied: "But I *can* tell who is right; I notice who gets angry first, and, of course, he is the one who is wrong."

Let this point rest in the minds of the people. Let them remember the old man's adage, and—in the intellectual contest coming along—notice who gets angry first. The angry side, or the abusive side, is always the weak side. The side which has to curse, anathematize, and call those who differ with them by names which it would sully our paper to write; that is the side which gets angry first, and is, of course, the wrong side.

Up to this moment—as the files of our MAGAZINE will prove—we have gone calmly along reasoning in simplicity and avoiding personalities of all kinds. On the other hand, we have been loaded down with abusive epithets and denunciations from every pulpit, and the vilest insinuations from the press. There is no harm in this to us; there is, in fact, great good in it. The public will see who gets angry first. They will need no one to tell them that, men who feel they stand in the majesty of truth, who *know* that Jehovah is their leader and their reward, can afford to look calmly on and say to the troubled waves of thought: "Peace, be still." There is no noise, or clamor, or vindictiveness in their feelings—no necessity for proving their opponents corrupt with those who know they hold the sword of Reason and of Truth within their grasp. They know their words will cut where they go, "dividing between the joints and the marrow," and why need they denounce any living soul? If any man thinks he has more light than themselves, they are glad of it if he has, and sorry for him if he has not. In the Divine Movement now at our doors, the Church will rise to the grand position that she will never stoop to petty denunciation of individuals as a means to aid her cause. She will stand on the ground of principles alone. She will spread out such an array of principles of light and reason—so scientific, so simple, so natural, so agreeable to every instinct of our true natures, and so heavenly in their character that she will fearlessly say without bitterness or anger to one and all—apostates or otherwise—depart in peace; it is your right to surpass my principles if you can; and this is the course our denouncers would be able to take to-day, did they feel the omnipotence of truth within them. The common sense way

to cut the ground from under the feet of "apostates," or persons of that kind, is to surpass their reasonings by better ones, and drown them in the sea of their own arguments. This ought to be easy enough for men who claim to hold keys of divine revelation, or these keys of revelation must be useless affairs to mankind. It is ridiculous to talk of men being guided by the glorious inspirations of a higher world, while they are stooping to personal abuse to gain their ends. It is God's own demonstration that men are destitute of His heavenly spirit and His presence and His aid, when they have to fight with the weapons of malice, and uncharitableness, and descend below the rank of gentlemen, much more below that of messengers of a High and Holy world. The potent, scathing words of Jesus come in here,—"By their fruits shall ye know them."

THE MANIFESTO---A REVIEW OF THE TESTIMONY.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

Weekly I take up my pen with pain. I would shun this conflict of thought, if I dared. I would fly to a distant land, rather than engage even in an intellectual warfare with the leaders of the people. But a higher Will than mine own subdues me to its purposes. It is, I believe, the Will of God. Well, therefore, can I appreciate the mental struggle through which my brethren, Elias and William have passed, and understand the might of the Supreme Mind which overrules them and forces them onward to their work.

I believe that this phase of the case touching the testimony which my friends have recently published, is but very indifferently realized by those who are so fierce and vituperative in their warfare against them. There are some who treat the case as one in which there is nothing involved but the will of man, and the disordered state of mind of a few dissenters. And yet never was there a testimony made that bore a stronger reverse of this.

If there is a point more touching than the marked integrity upon the face of the testimony of William Godbe and Elias Harrison, it is the Divine injunctions embodied in all the circumstances of the case. Here are men met at the very onset by a world of obstacles, the potency of systems, the might of a tremendous organization of earthly priesthood, and a state of things the very opposite to that which they believe the Heavens have designed to bring about. If God is not with them, we all know they must come to shame. There can be no two opinions upon that point; and even the affected contempt as well as vindictiveness manifested by some men towards them, is abundant evidence of an appreciation that their cause is utterly hopeless unless God is in it. It would be madness to believe otherwise. If it is merely an apostate or revolutionary movement, the result will be but as a petty agitation in the mighty ocean when a tiny stone is cast into its depths. Potent men need not trouble themselves or be wrathful; for if God is not with Elias and William their testimony will not amount to as much as the shaking of the green leaves in Spring by a passing breeze.

Yet does their testimony, from these very considerations, come with the force of its great integrity, bearing the Divine injunction under which my brethren believe they stand. There may be some consistent question as to whether they are self-deceived, but none as to whether they are honest.

Now, the question of *integrity*, touching this testimony, seems to be the first point to be settled in the case, for at the second stage of the investigation we are met by the positive assurance of *knowledge*. The Witnesses declare that they have *together demonstrated* the great fact of immortality and held actual communion with angelic beings.

This brings me directly to speak of my friend Elias, for in the experience and mental preparation of the man, we shall find as much consistency, touching the Testimony, as in the particular circumstances of the Church which have given to the Heavenly world cause for its direct answers to himself and William S. Godbe.

No man is better acquainted than myself with the great mental travail of years which came in the life of Elias Harrison concerning the Divinity of the Mormon mission. With a soul attuned by Nature to sublime conceptions, with a mind endowed with idealities that sought their substantial forms in another life rather than in this, the supreme theme of immortality, and its endless resources of being, has possessed him from boyhood.

Who can answer to my soul concerning the mysteries of these Divine intentions of our mortality and take me into the *certainties* of the life to come?—where shall I travel to find out God? This was the very burden of his soul. These questions had a broader scope than the mere desire to discover whether or not Joseph Smith was a Prophet, but, being his disciple, the questions of his mind assumed a special form. Hence, in England, twelve years ago, his pen was engaged in unfolding the "Tokens of Divinity in Mormonism," and his mind soared to heaven to trace those tokens out. Perchance even then he found higher conceptions of truth than many of his brethren would endorse. There was also in the man a scientific spirit as well as a fine endowment of idealistic thought, and this made him somewhat of a sceptic. Yet at every stage of his mental growth, infidelity became immersed again in faith. From the very necessities of his own nature he was impelled onward, year after year, in search for the *positive* evidence of the Divinity of Mormonism, and the infallible proof of the life hereafter. Indeed, both his preaching and writings for the last twenty years have been as much the mighty exercise of a soul to find out God, and to grasp in the firm hand of its own experience the evidence of a future life, as of a minister of the Gospel laboring to bring others to the light of a new dispensation. It is the simple fact that from his very boyhood up to the Autumn of 1868, Elias Harrison labored as much to convince himself of the Divine mission of Joseph Smith as to convince others thereof. At the date named, the glorious truth of immortality and of angelic administration, was clearly manifested in his experience, in connection with his compeer William S. Godbe. Thus we see in Elias a mental *preparation* of twenty-one years, all directing towards the Divine consummation in his life concerning which the two Witnesses have sent forth their manifesto to the world. Here, then, we find a very strong mark of the integrity of the testimony, for the result in the life of Elias is not of apostacy, not born of passing doubts and dissatisfaction touching the present state of the Church, be that state good or bad. It is the culmination of a life, the last great struggle of a soul bursting at length the veil which separates the inner from the outer world. Bishop Budge, Charles W. Penrose and a host of our English and Scotch Elders can bear witness that I have, without embellishment, simply stated the case of my friend. Let us now couple with him William S. Godbe, noting the testimony of Apostle George Q. Cannon, given at their trial, confirmatory of the foregoing, and in itself a strong evidence of the facts and circumstances set forth in their recent MANIFESTO.

Up to December 1864, Elias and myself had for years shared a common experience of association of mental struggles, of kindred thought. At that date Providence brought about the remarkable connection between Elias and William

referred to by Elder Cannon at their trial. Their history since is that of two men, one of profound thought and a scientific mind, the other of great commercial capacity and universalian religious views, trying to reconcile the state of the Church with their conceptions of its proper mission. And yet they held firmly to the Divinity of the Mormon dispensation, maintaining orthodox views concerning the constituted authorities of the Church. They saw inconsistencies, it is true, but believed that the future would reconcile all in some glorious issue. In the meantime they sought to tone their own natures and thoughts down to a harmony with the present state. I cannot do better at this stage of our review than to reproduce the statement of their experience from the Manifesto itself. They say:

> We have perceived that a steady and constant decline was taking place in the manifestation of the spiritual gifts, as well as in the spirituality of our system as a whole, and that as a Church we were fast running into a state of the most complete materialism. We felt that the working out of our system was small and insignificant compared with the grandeur of the programme as announced by Joseph Smith. The broad and liberal system which, in the earnestness of our souls, we had embraced so many years ago, with its grand and universalian invitation to men of every creed and nation to come to Zion for a home in our midst, was being practically ignored, and in the stead thereof was being built up a wall of bitterness and hate between ourselves and the rest of the world. The constant growth of such principles as these, and the certainty that under such conditions Mormonism never could fulfill that great destiny of salvation to the world, for which we had prayed and labored, gave us great pain. But, feeling assured of the divinity of our system in its origin, and fearful lest we should ignorantly oppose the will of God as manifested through his servants, we tried, from time to time, to close our eyes to the facts before us, and sought earnestly by every kind of argument to convince ourselves that we were wrong. We continued thus vainly striving to reconcile ourselves to the inconsistencies around us, until the facts forced themselves so overwhelmingly upon our minds, that we were driven from every stronghold and reluctantly compelled to admit the truth of these convictions.

What a mighty echo from my own life, my own intellect, my own heart bears witness to Elias! And not only from mine, but also from thousands of Mormon Elders will there yet come a response to this thrilling strain of the testimony. The genuineness of this part of the Manifesto, scarcely even the authorities can question, so palpably true is it in all the circumstances of the case. The experience, the appreciation and the mental struggles of nearly all the Mormon Elders have more or less answered to this since the death of Joseph, or after the close of their missions abroad. Men whose missions have shaken Europe and built up a "kingdom," after twenty years of labor for the world's good, without purse or scrip, have found themselves at last seemingly further away from the reign of Christ and the glory of Zion than when they began their Evangelical career. The apostles *know* that this is true however much they may try to hide it from themselves to-day. If they doubt their *hidden* assurance, let the Parley Pratts, Orson Pratts and Wilford Woodruffs review to-day their prophecies, their sermons, their writings, and their private journals to see if they expected, a quarter of a century ago, to reach in 1870 their present materialistic state. And if this materialistic state be the proper one for this earth, then have all their preaching, writing and prophesying been in vain, and their entire mission, which they once deemed a divine act, would end in a solemn farce. But the Heavens themselves have witnessed unto Elias and William that this shall not be, for the old prophesies of Joseph, Brigham, Heber, Parley, Orson and Wilford concerning Zion shall in effect, be all fulfilled. This brings me directly to the testimony of the reopening of communication between the celestial world and the people whom God gathered expressly to build up Zion. Touching the times of their spiritual ignorance and darkness common to all Israel, they testify thus:

> During all these times we sought earnestly for light from above, our first and last prayer being that we might never be allowed to oppose the truth, and earnestly, and continually examined ourselves to see whether pride, selfishness, selfwill, or any impurity of thought or deed, prevented our seeing the wisdom of President Young's measures, or receiving a testimony of their divinity. At last the light came, and by the voice of angelic beings accompanied by most holy influences—and other evidences that witnessed to all our faculties that their communications were authorized of God—we were each of us given personally to know that, notwithstanding some misconceptions and extremes wisely permitted to accomodate it to the weaknesses of mankind, "Mormonism" was inaugurated by the Heavens for a great and divine purpose; its main object being the gathering of an inspirational people, believing in continuous revelations, who, with such channels opened up, could at any period be moulded to any purpose the Heavens might desire; and out of whom, with these opportunities for divine communication, could be developed the grandest and the noblest civilization the world had ever seen. We also learned that the evils we had seen in the Church truly did exist, but that they would pass away before the light of a clearer and greater day of revelation and inspiration which was about to dawn upon our system.

This indeed, is a marvellous testimony concerning which I have received ten times more *direct* evidence of Jesus, of Joseph, and of the *fact* of communication with angelic beings than in all the previous twenty years of my Mormon experience.

I have shown in this part of my review, *by the known facts of their lives*, that the mental travail of Elias Harrison and William S. Godbe was merely a *personal* experience having not, to their knowledge, at first the remotest reference to any Divine call to set others in the right path. Upon this phase of their testimony, I will dwell in the next stage of our reviews and mark the striking resemblance between the cases of Joseph, Elias and William, all of whom sought to Heaven for *personal* light, but received also light which shall be given to a world in the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Public Meetings.—The first of a series of public meetings, for the fuller exposition of the principles advocated in this Magazine, will be held on Sunday, Dec. 19th, in the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms at half past eleven in the morning; and in the Masonic and Odd Fellows Hall, in the upper part of Commerce Building, owned by Kimball & Lawrence, situated on East side of East Temple Street, at half past seven in the evening; all are invited to attend.

MINERAL DEVLOPMENTS AND THEIR TENDENCIES.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

For many years it has been customary to hold up the histories of Spain, Mexico and Peru—and, strangely enough, California has lately been added to the list—as examples of the evil tendencies of a sudden influx of the precious metals; and, to day, there are those who triumphantly point to them as evidences of the inevitable demoralization and poverty which would ensue to us from the discovery and working of these minerals in our Territory. Inasmuch as a great deal of physical, mental and moral suffering and, to some, pecuniary loss have, more or less, attended all extensive auriferous discoveries; the assertion is plausible that such developments in Utah would result in the temporal ruin and moral degradation of its inhabitants. Before proceeding further we wish it distinctly understood that it is not the development of the *precious* metals in our midst that we so specially advocate or desire, as those of the more useful and solid kind. The true

policy is to utilize all our resources,—mineral, agricultural or any other kind that Nature has endowed us with, and that can be made remunerative. But the previous assertions, coming at this peculiar time, are worthy of a little investigation and exposition.

While fully admitting that the thirst for gold is degrading in its tendencies and destructive of the finer and holier impulses of our nature, there is no evidence that it is any more so when the coveted metal is obtained by mining than when gained through many other occupations deemed legitimate and respectable, though in many instances really less honorable—such as "Wall street gold transactions," speculations in stocks, grain, etc. The latter pursuits are quite as morbidly exciting as the former, and much oftener lead to dishonesty and ruin. The laborious part of "gold digging" is, we are aware, a merely mechanical, unintellectual employment, that does not qualify the individual for any other useful sphere of life. But this will apply equally to many other kinds of labor which, like placer gold mining, are only used by intelligent persons as stepping-stones to something better. There is no real reason why digging for gold or silver should be any more demoralizing than digging for iron or lead, or excavating the foundations for a building. One is just as honorable as the other; the evil, if any, is to be found in the men, not in the occupation.

The Spanish nation and people experienced very great evils consequent upon the discovery and conquest of Mexico, Peru and other parts of the American continent, a great portion of which was due,—not to the precious metals so abundantly discovered, but to the inconsiderate, unjust and cruel means by which they were obtained. Multitudes deserted Spain to seek sudden fortunes in the New World, without any knowledge of the climate, people or resources of the country to which they were going, and entirely unprepared for the difficulties, dangers and labors of their enterprize. The result was, thousands found graves where they expected to find fortunes; thousands more dragged out a miserable existence in the newly-discovered regions; while a few returned to Europe broken in spirit and in purse.

It is said that the treasure taken to Spain from its American colonies led to extravagance and effeminacy; and that this, combined with the emigration of many of her subjects, and the rapid extension of her colonies, resulted in moral and social corruption and political weakness and ruin.

The so-called argument deduced from the foregoing by the opponents of mineral developments in Utah, is this:—"The discovery and working of gold and silver mines ruined Spain and injured more of her citizens than were ever benefited by them; therefore, the discovery and working of such mines in Utah would bring the same evils upon its citizens."

The argument as above stated, containing only one premiss, is incomplete. To make the conclusion deducible the second premiss should be inserted, making the argument read thus:—"The discovery and working of gold and silver mines ruined Spain; such developments always produce similar effects; therefore, etc." If, as we believe, these premises can be proved untrue, the conclusion is false.

As before stated, the evils produced cannot, legitimately, be directly charged to the treasures obtained. Nearly all the miseries endured by the fortune hunters of that age were the results of their own corruption, violence and ungovernable passions, and were not more than they deserved to suffer. By prudence, justice and industry, they might have acquired fortunes and founded bloodless and permanent empires. But aside from this, they were far from home and the base of their supplies; in the midst of a hostile people, laboring under every disadvantage which their own ignorance, imprudence and wickedness could heap upon them. Gold and silver are, in themselves, not only harmless but beneficial; but the manner of obtaining and the use made of them, produced all the evils complained of.

Now let us compare the relative positions, circumstances and motives of the Spaniards and the Utonions—supposing the precious metals to exist in this Territory. The Spaniards had to take long and dangerous journeys, at great expense, to reach the site of operations; we are already upon the ground. They commenced by robbing and murdering those who had already labored for the coveted treasure; we should be honestly and industriously developing the resources of our own mountain region. They eagerly sought for the precious metals, almost entirely regardless of agriculture; we have developed our agricultural resources first, thus laying the foundation for the sustenance of those who may labor at mining or other pursuits; so that the opening of mines would be a blessing to the tillers of the soil quite as much as the latter would be to the workers of the former. Most of the wealth extracted from the New World was, for a long time, sent to the Old World to be expended there; it is not too much to expect that should such resources be opened up in our midst, most of the means thus obtained would be expended in otherwise improving our Territory and the circumstances of its inhabitants. In short, there is no one point of resemblance—not even, it is to be feared, in the richness of its mines!

The next illustration to be considered is that of California It is said that the mineral counties are poorer than the agricultural ones, and are asking the latter to pay their debts The only possible object there can be in referring to this statement is, to attempt to show that California owes her prosperity more to her agricultural than to her mineral resources. All who are acquainted with her history must know this to be false. Had it not been for the discovery of the precious metals within her borders, California would not have had anything like the population she has to-day; so that neither in numbers, wealth, influence or power would she have been what she now is, no matter how much attention she might have devoted to her agricultural resources. The miners made the farmers, stock raisers and merchants rich, by furnishing them a profitable market for their produce, stock and merchandise. The statement that the mining counties are unable to pay their debts proves nothing for the other side of the question. We all know that public expenditures are met by taxation. It is a very easy matter to tax a man's farm and stock, because he cannot put them in his pocket, and tell you he has none. But, while hundreds of miners made a great deal more money than most farmers, the proceeds of their labor, as well as that of the less fortunate, unavoidably escaped taxation in most instances. Here the County and the State were the losers, not because mining produced less actual wealth than agriculture, but because of the inadequacy of the means adopted to secure to the public exchequer the portion that rightfully belonged to it. Besides this, most of the wealth extracted from the California mines was expended in other Counties, States or Territories than where it was obtained, which is seldom the case with agricultural districts. This is not so much the case to-day; and, as permanent settlers occupy the lands and develop the riches of the mining regions, the public funds will increase.

The foregoing are the principal reasons of the impoverished condition of the treasuries of the mineral counties of California. It is true that agriculture, horticulture and manufactures, have been profitably engaged in, to a greater or less extent, and that they helped to swell the revenues of that State; but they could not and would not have been so extensively, speedily and successfully established, had it not been for the previous discoveries of gold.

Let us now inquire what the probable effects would be, to the people of this Territory, of the discovery of the precious metals within her borders. As before remarked, our citizens would be saved the expense and dangers of a long journey to the field of their labors, and the temptations incident to protracted absence from home and domestic associations. It is not unreasonable to presume that at least two thirds of the wealth thus obtained would be, directly or indirectly, expended in developing the other resources of the Territory. Many who are too poor at present, would, had they the means, open new farms, build houses, beautify their homes, import machinery, establish factories to supply home demand, and, in a thousand ways add to the prosperity and comfort of the community. Mining would not retard agricultural enterprise; on the contrary, it would impart a new and very powerful impetus to it, by furnishing the farmer and the gardener a profitable market for their produce. Even the distant regions of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and Arizona have given to many of our farmers the means of obtaining necessaries and comforts, which they must, otherwise, have done without for years. The only danger to be apprehended would be from placer diggings, on account of the injury they would do by using the water necessary for irrigation, as well as that resulting from the class of adventurers they generally attract —though we feel abundantly able to adopt such wise precautions as would guard against any improper encroachments by the class referred to. But we are thankful for the assurance that there is no present prospect of such discoveries. The kind of mines we believe will be extensively developed here, are such as will be subject to taxation as much as any other property; and, therefore, will directly benefit the State as well as the individual. Who cannot see that the temporal condition of all classes would be greatly improved by the opening up of new industries and fresh and permanent avenues to wealth.

The foregoing remarks are made because all the objections to mineral developments in Utah are particularly directed against gold and silver, and not, as before stated, because we are specially anxious to have them found. We are not aware that any one objects to the discovery and manufacture of iron, lead, copper, coal or salt, which, with a great variety of other materials that will yet yield a profitable revenue, are abundant in our Territory; but, if the more precious metals should prove abundant also, why should we not thankfully accept and wisely use the blessings Providence has thus placed within our reach? We believe that the manufacture of iron might be made profitable here, as the freight, even by the railroad, must be a very heavy protective tariff. It is also said that coal can be advantageously exported west. Copper would certainly pay; and a tin mine would not only be a source of immense wealth to its discoverer, but a great benefit to this and surrounding Territories.

It may be objected that such enterprises as these would need capital to carry them on, and consequently, the poor would be but little benefitted thereby. Even supposing capitalists did control such works, they would have to employ hundreds of men, who would be able to command fair wages. But there is no necessity for this. Men can co-operate in mining as well as in merchandizing; and though they might not have the means to purchase the necessary machinery for crushing or smelting, yet they could sell the ores, at the mine, to capitalists, at so much the ton, receive their money and have no further trouble or risk concerning them. This is being now done here in some instances.

Again, the kind of mines which it is believed abounds in our Territory, and the development of which we advocate, would be of a permanent character; and even if they did not last "forever," the means obtained from them would, if wisely appropriated, lay the foundation for a constantly increasing prosperity. Iron and other foundries and various manufactories would be established for home supply; and it is by no means impossible that, through some at present unperceived facilities peculiar to our Territory, we might be able, after a few years, to profitably manufacture some articles for exportation. Only let all restraint be removed from these and all other avenues to wealth—let them be left open to individual enterprise, and they would soon be thoroughly tested and developed.

Mining has not "ruined" California, either politically or financially. It has not "ruined" Montana, Idaho, Nevada or Arizona; on the contrary, it has opened up and settled those portions of the public domain which would, otherwise, have been undeveloped for years, and has laid the foundation of prosperous States which will add to the glory of our already mighty empire.

But, I am ashamed to admit, it is urged that riches would extinguish the love for and devotion to truth which are now supposed to reign in our breasts. What a humiliating confession, if true. Truth must have a very feeble hold upon the man who would sacrifice it for gold. And if some natures are so base that their gratitude decreases in proportion as their benefits increase, it does not follow that all are so constituted, nor that the culture, refinement and social blessings which wealth brings should be forever withheld from the mass, because a *few* may be injured thereby. If we have not, as a people, learned, by this time, to prize the truths of Heaven above all earthly considerations, we might as well be deprived of them and learn their value by bitter experience. But we do not believe that, were this people to become wealthy to-morrow, the majority would be any less willing to sacrifice their all for the truth than they are to-day. At any rate, judging from the course of some, they have no fear of the effect of comfort and wealth upon themselves, whatever they may think best for others.

It has been a standing prophecy in this Church—one generally believed, because very consoling—that we are to become, at some future time, the richest people on the earth. Now, how is this to be effected? Can we become so by raising wool and cotton, by spinning yarn or printing calicoes? Can we by raising grain or stock, by making wine or producing silk? Common sense answers, No! Because other countries possess so much greater facilities for producing and manufacturing these articles, and can furnish them so much cheaper than we can. They may all help, but none of them can form the great basis of our prosperity.

England is frequently referred to as an example of the wealth obtained by manufacturing. But her prosperity is due to her mines as much as to her factories. And she could not compete with the world—import, as she does in some instances, the raw material, manufacture and export it again cheaper than it could be made in the country where it was produced—were it not that the teeming millions of her population overstock the labor-market and make it, comparatively, valueless. We do not want to see our laborers and artisans reduced to the same condition. True, they might coöperate and share all profits of their labor. But what will not pay one big capitalist will not pay twenty small ones. Coöperation might divide losses, but it could not create profits out of nothing; and it has been abundantly proved that we have not, at present, the facilities for successfully engaging extensively in manufactures. Our mineral resources once developed, new avenues of industry would open and, as in California, machine shops, foundries and factories would speedily follow, while energy, enterprise and prosperity would characterize all classes.

A VERY SINGULAR STORY.

My name is Rachel Althea Travers. It seems to me that in an account of this sort, it is better to state that at once, and then it avoids all worrying as to who that perpetually recurring "I" may be. They are unfortunate initials, as you may perhaps observe, and have led to my being apostrophized as "Rat" by an impertinent younger brother, who is, I am thankful to say, generally at school. We, that is, my mother, my two sisters, and myself, live in Bryanston Square. We have no country house, and consequently are in town a great part of the year, when I, for one, would sooner be anywhere else; not that that melancholy fact has anything to do with my story, except so far as it accounts for our being in London one nasty day in November, when something happened which was the remote cause of my writing this, the cause, in fact, of my having this to write. I had a headache. Now I don't mean to say I wrote this story because I had a headache; I think that, perhaps, would have been a reason for not writing it, but I will explain in a minute what my headache had to do with it. It was the 15th, I think, and I was sitting in the drawing-room while my sister Agnes had her music lesson. I could speak German with tolerable fluency, having spent the last winter in Vienna with some friends, but Agnes hardly understood a single word. Herr Blume could, however, speak a little English, and they might, in reality, have got on very well, had it not been for the extreme excitability of the little man's temperament. In the event of a wrong chord, his conversation, though fluent, became totally incomprehensible, and of such a striking nature that Agnes, who was very nervous, had once gone into violent hysterics, occasioned by agonizing attempts to suppress her laughter. After that, my mother declared that I must always remain in the room to translate. It was a great bore being tied to one spot twice a week at exactly the same hour, and I heartily wished Agnes would learn German herself. Lessons had been talked of, but the idea had been given up.

"Rachel, dear, I don't think it's any use," my mother had said to me; "she hasn't the least talent for languages, and though the lessons may not be very expensive, yet you know, my dear child, all these things make a difference."

"Poor dear mamma! I made the sacrifice with a better grace, knowing as I did how many of "all those things" she would gladly have had, but denied herself for our sakes.

And so it came to pass that that 15th of November found me at my usual post in a corner of the sofa, awaiting the arrival of Herr Blume. In he came, as the clock struck eleven, in the midst of a frantic rush on poor Agnes's part through an immense pile of music to find her piece. I think that put him out, for he stood watching her with an unnatural calmness, which I felt sure could only be the effect of almost superhuman efforts of self-control. He was a short, hay-colored man with spectacles, extraordinarily round eyes, and an immense quantity of distracted-looking hair, through which he was constantly running his fingers in a manner quite peculiar to himself. At last the piece was found, Agnes began to play, and I established myself more snugly in my corner. Alas! the peace which followed was but of short duration. A series of small disturbances began, the immediate cause of which was the piano: now the piano was a hired one, and not particularly good. Under a successful course of our treatment it had arrived at a blissful state of indifference concerning the pedal, keeping up a perpetual rumble which sounded like mild thunder; this little peculiarity appeared to have a most irritating effect on the unfortunate music-master, and once or twice he had given vent to his feelings by a violent castigation of the wretched instrument. This, however, as one may imagine, only tended to increase the evil, and matters had arrived at a crisis, when this morning my mother entered the room as he was engaged in inflicting upon us a succession of tremendous minor crashes that were truly terrible.

With a bound which would not have disgraced Leotard, he leaped from the music-stool and stood before her. After the usual compliments, he asked if it might be allowed to him "to make to madame one small representation?"

This little inquiry was accompanied by a smile intended to be insinuating, but which was simply sardonic.

My mother of course assured him that she would be most happy to listen to any suggestion: upon which he declared, running his fingers through his hair, that, though it inflicted upon him much sorrow, he felt it to be his duty to instruct her that the pedal was much disordered, and was very noxious to him. "For myself," he proceeded, with a grand heroism, "for myself, I care not a little bit, but for these young messes"—here he indicated with a theatrical flourish Agnes and myself—"it is a fatal story."

"It is only a hired one, Herr Blume," said my mother, "and I think I really must change it; I know it is very bad."

"Ach!" he said, eagerly, "why does not one have her own splendid instrument? Madame will perhaps reflect this what I have said."

He then suddenly closed his lips, and with a pirouette and another bound seated himself again, commencing on the spot such an illustration of that little weakness on the part of the pedal of which he had spoken, that my poor mother fled the room. I remained, sorely against my will, but tried to find consolation in a pile of cushions. My head ached, I could not read, and I sat listlessly turning over a photograph book, until I suppose I must have gone off into a doze. I was suddenly roused by Herr Blume's voice, raised to a positive shriek; "Lang-samer!—lang-samer, lang-sa-a-mer-r!" I got up, and rushed towards the piano; poor Agnes was as white as a sheet, and on Herr Blume's forehead stood great drops of perspiration.

"Slower, Agnes, slower; that is what Herr Blume means," I said. Poor child, she made one more effort, but her fingers trembled so that she could hardly strike a note, and the next moment she burst into tears.

There was nothing more to be done that morning by either of them, I plainly saw; as for him, he had been in a vile temper from the beginning.

"I am really very sorry, Herr Blume," I said, as the door closed after her; "it was entirely my fault for not attending; you know my sister hardly understands a word of German."

"That, my fräulein, I know," he answered, with awful solemnity, "and I must, I fear, abandon her, if she cannot learn a little."

To be abandoned by him he seemed to think the most dreadful fate in life.

"My tempers," he continued, with excitement, "suffers, yes, suffers, through these trials."

He never had any to speak of, but I didn't tell him so, thinking he mightn't like it. For a few minutes we both remained silent, he standing in a Napoleonic attitude, with folded arms and knitted brows, glaring in a malignant manner at a cross in the carpet. I began nervously to consider whether it could possibly be that, owing to a strong anti-ritualistic feeling, our carpet might be displeasing to his eye. My apprehensions were, however, relieved when he proceeded to unfold his plans. There was, it seemed, a German lady of his acquaintance lodging in a street close by, who was anxious to give lessons; he could recommend her highly for her ability and accent, he added, and if my mother would permit Agnes to have a few lessons, he was sure her music would greatly benefit. Might he ask the lady to call on madame? he inquired; and so the end of it was, that it was arranged for her to come the next day at eleven o'clock.

"Of course you will manage it all, Rachel," my mother said in the evening. "I dare say she can't speak a word of English."

So she came. As I look back at it now, the whole thing seems so odd, as if all that followed were the consequence of a little headache on my part, and a little temper on Herr Blume's; all the merest chance; and yet it cannot be; we are all working out some vast design, subservient to one great master will: generally, upon tiniest threads of trifles hang the great joys and miseries of life.

A little after eleven the next morning a card was brought up, on which was written "Fräuleing Dorn," and in a minute she was in the room. She was not the least like what I had expected. Most people form some idea as to any one they are going to meet, and I had formed mine; but I was entirely wrong; there was not a trace of that dowdiness of dress and manner of which I had seen so much in the Vaterland, even in the classes to which, I knew, by her name, she did not belong. On the contrary, everything about her was fresh and graceful, and there was a charming ease and grave courtesy in her manner which astonished me. Her face, even now that I know it under its many changes, is difficult to describe. *Clear* was the only word that came into my mind as I looked at her. A sweet oval face, clear and pale, with dark hazel eyes, somewhat round and deep set, looking out fearlessly, like shining stars. Her lips were excessively pretty, and gave color to a face which would perhaps otherwise have been too pale: not that dark color verging on purple which Lely has bestowed on some of his beauties, and which gives one the painful impression that they have been indulging in black currant jam, but a bright light-red. It was not the first morning that I saw all the excellences of her face, but afterwards, when I grew to know her better.

There were two lessons a week, and I used generally to join in them; she was very quiet at first, but gaadually we began to get better friends, and she would talk about Germany, or England, or on any general subject in the most amusing and lively manner; but I could never by any means whatever lead her to speak of herself, her former life, her reasons for coming to England, nor say a word,

in fact, that could afford any clew to her history. There was a mystery about her; of that I felt very sure. Now the unraveling of mysteries was considered rather my forte, so I felt on my honor, as it were, to penetrate it. There had been an eagerness about Herr Blume's manner which had struck me at the very outset of the affair, and, strange to say, once or twice during the lessons, I had been possessed by a strong feeling that I had seen her before; yet the face was perfectly strange to me. The more I studied it, the more convinced I became that I must be laboring under some delusion—there was not a feature familiar to me. The lessons continued regularly until a little time before Christmas, when one morning she failed to make her appearance.

I knew the number of the house, though I had never been to her lodging, so before luncheon I walked round to see after her. The door was opened to me by an untidy-looking maid, and as I advanced into the passage, loud, angry tones issued from a room on my right. There was no help for it but to proceed, and this I was doing when I was almost knocked down by a fat, dirty, angry woman coming hastily out of the room, her head turned round, still addressing some one within.

"And sure it's not my house as 'll hould ye, with yer fine clothes and yer fine airs, if it's not a civil tongue ye can keep in yer head!"

She flounced off, and I ventured a peep into the room. It was in a state of the utmost confusion; boxes half packed stood about the floor.

On one of these, looking like Scipio amid the ruins of Carthage, sat the fräulein. On seeing me, the fräulein started up.

"Ach! I am so glad to see you," she said. "I must explain why I have not come to you. This woman, Thérèse, has made her angry,—furious: poor Thérèse, she was foolish. The woman has said we leave the house, so I go instantly; but where to, that I know not."

This was wretched. I tried in vain to make her tell me what Thérèse had said, thinking it most probably some misunderstanding which had arisen owing to their not understanding each other's language; but she evaded it, declaring, however, that it was impossible for her to remain.

I made up my mind on the spot, and rushed home to ask my mother to invite her to come to us until after Christmas.

"My dear Rachel, I really don't think I can do it; she is quite a stranger. I think you had better give it up: no doubt she has friends in London."

"Darling mamsey," I implored, caressing her, "just this once; you acknowledge that she is very nice; and indeed she has no friends, except Herr Blume and his wife, who live themselves in lodgings. You mustn't shut up your heart at Christmas time: just for a day or two," I entreated, giving her a hug, "until she can find a place to go to."

"Well, Rachel," she said, "it's all upon your shoulders. You're a naughty, self-willed girl," she added, smiling, and shaking her head deprecatingly, as I dashed off to bring my beauty to Bryanston Square.

It was just as I expected, they all fell in love with her; her sweet face, her high-bred, gentle manners, her charming grace; but most of all, she fascinated Bertie, that unpolished schoolboy whom we owned for a brother, and in so doing caused the benedictions of his sisters to rain down upon her head.

Never were there such peaceful Christmas holidays within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," and we trembled at the idea of losing our presiding genius. My mother, also, joined heartily in our entreaties for her to stay, for beside really liking her, it was impossible to overlook the immense advantages which accrued to us from her society. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but German, French, and Italian she seemed to be equally fluent in; and, wonder of wonders, Bertie, by New Year's Day, was positively beginning to talk French with, I won't say a good, but certainly a less extraordinary accent than when he came home.

This undisputed possession of the field was perfect bliss to him: he lionized her about London, taking her to all sorts of museums and places, which he professed to think it quite necessary that she should see.

In my own mind I felt sure it was for the pleasure, pure and simple, of having such a pretty person under his protection, and entirely dependent on him.

I think she liked him, and his boyish admiration. One evening, as she was talking, or rather gesticulating, to my mother,—for their conversation was mostly carried on by signs,—he gave me a nudge that would have been amply sufficient to awaken St. Paul's to attention.

"I say, Rachel, she is pretty," he said, in a low tone, "there's no mistake about that; you should see how all the fellows stare at her, and I don't believe she knows it, now," he added, in an inquiring sort of voice, as if he weren't quite sure of the truth of his own statement.

"Don't you think so?" I asked, innocently.

"Well, I don't quite know how she can help it," he said, meditatively; "when I took her to the Colosseum, the Guards were just passing, and you should have seen how they looked at her, and wished themselves in my shoes, I know; and I think they're pretty good judges," he said, in an improving tone.

So we went on very smoothly until New Year's Day, when she began to declare she must leave us. I promised to help her to find lodgings, if she would wait for a day or two longer.

The time of her visit had not been altogether unfruitful in affording me some insight into her history,—an insight obtained, however, more through my own observation than from any information vouchsafed by her.

It was one day in Christmas week, I think, she was going to the pantomime, or something of the sort, with mamma, Agnes and Bertie. She was sitting with her opera cloak on, talking to Bertie, before they went, when I came into the room; her back was turned to the door. As I looked at her, suddenly, like a flash of light, a host of recollections forced themselves into my mind. I was no longer in our own drawing-room, but in a well-known salon in Vienna, blazing with light, listening to Mademoiselle de Murska. The figure which was before me now was before me then, a few rows in front of us. The cloak in itself was peculiar,—white, with a very beautiful border of blue and silver,—that perhaps helped my memory; but as the light shone on the crisp, golden hair, I wondered at my own stupidity; yes, there could hardly be any mistake, I thought, as I remembered a letter which I had received some time before from my friend in Vienna.

"Look, Rachel, look!" she had whispered to me that night, "there is the great beauty, Countess Arnheim."

"Where?" I asked, trying to look in every direction at once, for I had heard a great deal about her, but had not seen her.

"There, to the left; don't you see? Ah! what a pity! she has turned her head."

I could not help laughing at her disappointed tone; she was always so eager that I should see all I wished.

"Never mind," I said, "she will be sure to turn it back again;" but she didn't; never during the whole time that we both sat there, though we were not more than two yards from the place she sat, did she turn once, so that I could even see her profile; just the pretty outline of her cheek, and the mass of crisp, rippling, golden hair was vouchsafed to us. Of her companions we saw quite enough, a dark, handsome woman, and a middle-aged, keen-eyed officer, who sat on either side of her. This evening, however, she was brought forcibly to my mind, as I entered the drawing-room, by the outline of Fräulein Dorn's face, and the white and blue cloak.

Not till after they were gone did I produce my writing-case, and, settling myself in a comfortable arm-chair before the fire, proceed to dive into its recesses after my Vienna letters.

I fished out four or five from its capacious pockets, but the right one did not make its appearance, and I was just beginning to echo my poor mother's wish, that I were more tidy and methodical, when I made a good haul and brought up the letter I was in search of: it began,—

"Köthener Strasse 10, Wien-May.

"Dearest Rachel,—

"My letter, you see, is dated from our old quarters. We have taken these rooms again, for though not so large as the others, they are much cleaner, and I think more comfortable. It makes me quite melancholy to go into your room. Char has it now. We all miss you dreadfully; it takes away half the pleasure of things, having no one to talk them over with, though really in these days of excitement there is no time for reflection; one simply has to keep one's mouth open to swallow the next new thing. There seems not to be the slightest doubt now about the war. I believe Count Bismarck has intended there should be war from the first. Talking about offering them indemnity for Holstein! offering a fiddlestick! It's a very bad business altogether, it seems to me, and it serves them right, of course, the home people will say, for having joined in it; but why Prussia should come off so much the best I can't see. The troops here seem confident enough of victory. By the by, young Siegelheim came in yesterday for a minute; his high spirits were quite funny and infectious; he had just gone home on leave, but had been recalled of course. The officers seem all delighted with the prospect of war: they only look at the bright side; for my part, I think it is very awful. And I cannot understand how they can rid themselves of the thought that,

though the campaign may be a successful one, yet to some among them, perhaps to many, it will in all human probability bring death; and who those some will be it is the question I cannot help asking myself; which are the ones who are walking these well-known streets for the last time; looking for the last time upon the old familiar faces, who will in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, be farther removed from us than thousands of miles could remove them, wrapt in that sleep, upon which no roar of cannon, no shout of friend or foe, ever can break. I confess to me it seems very terrible. I suppose it is a woman's view of the case; but I mustn't write any more of this sort of stuff, or I shall make you dismal. I dare say you don't feel particularly lively now, but you shall have any news that we hear, especially of that regiment to whose uniform you used to be rather partial. There, how horridly I have made you blush, only as there's nobody but me in the room it doesn't matter. Oh! there is one piece of scandal for you, which has, however, made less noise than if it had happened at any other time, for which I suspect the parties concerned are very thankful. Do you remember your seeing, or rather not seeing, the young Countess Arnheim at a concert? Well, she has actually gone off, and no one knows where to; but to begin at the the right end of the story, for, as I happened to be an eye-witness, I can vouch for my version being correct.

"We were at a ball at the Nesselroders, and she was there; she was looking most exquisite, I thought, though some people in the room said she looked not what she had been. Her husband was there too, of course, but I didn't see him go to her once the whole evening, though she was surrounded by a good many gentlemen; there was one man, a Frenchman, in the Austrian service, who never left her. His attentions, I certainly thought, were rather marked, but I didn't see any return on her side. You know that room off the hall at the Nesselroders, where one takes off one's things. Well, we happened to be there, putting on our cloaks; I was ready to go, and was standing at the door, talking to Herr von Langen. The countess was standing in the hall, waiting for her husband, I think, laughing and talking with a few gentlemen. All at once the count strode out of one of the dancing-rooms, and up to her. She was so placed under the lamps that I could see her face perfectly, and part of his; she glanced up in his face with a smiling look of inquiry in her beautiful eyes, which was answered by a fierce scowl and a muttered oath. Of course there was a breathless silence; no one knew what to say; no one ever does on such occasions.

"'Leopold,' she half whispered, 'has anything happened?' She had sprung forward eagerly, and laid her hand upon his arm. His face worked frightfully as she gazed up into it with beseeching eyes, but he turned it from her. 'Happened!' he said, in a loud, harsh voice, shaking her off roughly, 'no, nothing particular. By Heaven, no! nothing to you; I, fool that I have been, have found it more.'

"'For God's sake, Leopold, come away,' she whispered in an agony. She thought him mad or drunk, I believe. He did not shake her off this time, but taking both her slender white wrists in his iron grasp, he held her at half arm's length; and then, before those men, looking straight into her face, he said most cruel things to her. I don't know how she bore it—it was cruel, horrible; if I had been one of those men, I think, whether it were right or wrong, I must have struck him down. It took less time, far less, than it has taken me to write it. I could not tear myself away from watching them; but I sincerely trust it may never be my lot to witness such a scene again.

"Poor thing! her eyelids never drooped: she looked into his dark, angry eyes, with a half-amazed, half-imploring look. I think she had a dim sense of how very awful it was before these people; but that was all swallowed up in the agony and astonishment his words caused. When he had finished speaking, he dashed her hands away and strode off, leaving her standing there, a broken lily, hut turned again after he had gone two steps. 'Monsieur, he said, looking at the French officer, 'I recommend this lady to your protection.' His whole countenance was convulsed with passion and deadly pale. That woke her up: her face quivered as with a sudden flash of anguish, and she turned to a young beardless officer who had been standing good-naturedly trying to shield her from the many pitiless, prying eyes; 'Will you be kind enough to take me to my carriage?' He could not look at her, but gave her his arm, and took her away almost tenderly. He was a merry, rough boy, and I dare say they had had many a laugh together; but I don't think either of them laughed then. She would have walked straight out into the cold, bitter night in her ball-dress, had he not stopped her and helped her servant to wrap her up in her furs. That was all I saw of it, and it was indeed enough.

"The next day we heard she had gone, as I quite expected. I most certainly would have gone too in her place, and I am sure you would; but I am writing you the most unconscionable letter; that is the way when I sit down to write to you; I intend just to write one sheet, and I scribble on and on till two o'clock sometimes. I am glad Aunt Margaret doesn't examine the candles! If she ever should, I will tell her that I find Vienna candles delicious eating, and can't resist the temptation.

"Best love to your mamma and the girls from all of us; they're all fast asleep, but of course they would send it if they were in possession of their faculties. Good night, dearest. I must go to by-by. STEPHANIE."

It was a long letter, but I read it all through, and, when it was finished, laid it in my lap and sat gazing into the fire, and musing over those eventful days in which she wrote. How different now to then! Things were changed in Vienna. What was then but conjecture had become sad reality. All had taken place with such fearful suddenness as made it almost impossible to realize. I sat over the fire and tried to imagine it all, and reread more recent letters, in none of which, however, was the Countess Arnheim's name mentioned. I began to doubt the truth of my own surmises; it seemed almost impossible that she should have come to England in that manner, and remained quietly for such a length of time: she, the petted Vienna beauty, giving lessons in England and living in London lodgings! No, it was hardly credible; but there was one simple test which occurred to me; by copying out a small portion of that letter; and putting it in some place where it would fall into her hands, at a time when I should have an opportunity of watching her, I did not doubt but that I might read in her face the truth.

And I did copy it, translating it into French. I chose that part in which her name was mentioned; but when it was done, I put it by, and delayed to use it.

One day we were talking of Christian names, and she then told me, for the first time, that hers was Valerie, and asked me to call her by it. Another time she showed me a little book, with "Valerie" printed in it, and something over the name scratched out, which I felt sure must have been a cornet. I longed to know: and yet though I often thought of putting her to the test which I had devised, my heart failed me. Why should I seek to penetrate her mystery, and lay bare the bitter secrets of her heart? So I forbore and waited. However, it was not destined that she should go from us as she had come. On the 3d of January my mother came down to breakfast with rather a troubled face, and after I had read my own letters, she passed one for me to read, without a word. It was from my Aunt Honora, a sister of my mother's, whose husband had a house in one of the hunting counties.

"Dear Margaret," it began, "I am in great distress. The house is full of men, and only one lady besides myself—young Mrs. Charteris. Do, I beseech you, come to me the first day you can. They are frozen up, and there is no hunting, and some of them don't even play billiards. Francis says I ought to do something to amuse them, but what can I do? It is so miserable. Bring all the girls, and your German friend and Bertie. I entreat you not to refuse. Francis wishes it also so much. Write at once and let me know when I am to send to meet you.

"Your affectionate sister,

"HONORA C. HERRIES."

This was the letter, written in a scrambling, uncertain sort of hand, which my mother gave me. I had scarcely finished it, when Bertie said, from the other side of the table, "What's the row, Rat? shy it across;" so I shied it across, as he called it, and the young gentleman was pleased to express his highest approval of the plan.

"Be alive, now, girls, and pack up; the weather'll break, you'll see, and then I shall get some hunting out of the old rascal."

He settled on the spot, I believe, the horse he intended to ride. Alas! for human proposals. All the world knows that there was no hunting for those first weeks of January. But it wasn't for his amusement that my mother determined to go. With tears in her eyes she reread the letter when we were alone in her room, whither she had called me after breakfast to consult about it.

"Poor Honora! poor Honora!" she murmured. "Yes, my dear, I think we must go; there will probably be but little pleasure to any of us, but I think it is right. I can leave Agnes in Eaton Square with your uncle."

As I looked at the feeble, shaky writing, I, too, ejaculated from my heart, "Poor Honora!" She had married a man who had discovered her weakness, and had been a very tyrant to her. It seemed as if he had all but stamped out her identity. It was not from age that her letters were ill-formed and trembling; I hardly think she had any handwriting in particular. So a note was despatched to say we would come on the Monday. We might have

managed to go before, but after some consultation it was fixed for that day.

"Impossible! I cannot spend Sunday there," my mother had said, decidedly; and even Bertie, I think, was glad when it was settled that we should spend that quietly at home.

For myself, I did not much care whether we stayed or went. I had not much hopes of the party likely to be assembled at Cheddington. The only two people I was sure of meeting were men whom I particularly disliked: but then it was also possible that some of the others might be very pleasant; as for Sir Francis Herries himself, he could be as agreeable or as disagreeable as he liked —under the present circumstances it was not unreasonable to hope that he would be at least civil. From him, that was sufficient. After a great deal of persuasion, we succeeded in making Fräulein Dorn promise to accompany us; and Monday afternoon saw us all at the station, where the carriage from Cheddington was to meet us.

Long before we got to the end of our drive, the windows were so frozen that we could see nothing of the park or house; and we were all heartily glad to find ourselves in the wide, old-fashioned hall, where the fine oak carving, seen by the light of the blazing fire, for the winter twilight had set in, called forth Valerie's warm admiration.

There were a great many hats about, and as we followed the servant up the stairs, I could hear the sharp crack of the billiard balls. It was quite a procession, and in spite of her earnest invitation, I think we rather overwhelmed my aunt when we invaded her sitting-room.

She was looking the same as she had always looked to me—a faded, worn-out picture, fragile and helpless, with traces of a beauty not dimmed by age, but by unhappiness. She stretched out her hands kindly to us all, however, kissing us, and welcoming Fräulein Dorn.

As I had expected, Sir Francis was civil enough to us all during this visit, and when the skating began, was very anxious about the ponds, that they should be well flooded at night, and that everything should be arranged exactly as we liked. We had on the whole a delightful week. There were some very pleasant men besides my two horrors, Mr. Sartoris and Lord Cosmo Fox, who, strange to say, though they didn't generally agree about things, both seemed very much smitten with Valerie. After all, however, it was not strange that she and Mr. Sartoris should be a good deal together; for, with the exception of Sir Francis, he was the only man in the house, I think, who spoke any foreign language with sufficient fluency to be able to talk to her. As for Lord Cosmo, it was droll enough: not a word of any other but his mother tongue could that great scion of nobility utter; it was mute admiration on his part, confined to paying his clumsy attentions. I did hear him one day talking broken English to her, thinking, I suppose, that style better suited to her infantine capacity.

But in spite of Lord Cosmo and Mr. Cartoris, and other little annoyances inseparable from Cheddington, it was a very pleasant visit, and we all enjoyed it the more from having expected something so different. The first day or two that the ice was really good, the female portion of the community assembled at the edge of the ponds, and watched the skaters, but no one ventured on the ice except in chairs; but the third day Mr. Sartoris came up to Valerie, after we had been there a few minutes.

"Won't you venture to try the skates on?" he asked. "I would promise to take good care of you."

"I don't think there would be a pair to fit me," was her answer, given rather indifferently, I thought, as she put out her foot.

Her indifference, however, did not seem to have the effect of damping his eagerness, for the next thing he said was—

"If I find a pair, will you come?"

"Yes, I should like it very much," she answered.

He instantly sat down; and took off his skates without another word, and went off himself to the house. I was amazed; I had never seen the man put himself out of the way so much for any one before, but Valerie seemed to take it all as a matter of course. She had never known him before, and could not tell how different it was to his usual habits. Presently he returned triumphant, holding up a small pair of skates.

"Whose are they?" Valerie asked, as she sat down and gave him one of her feet.

"I got them at the rectory," was the answer; "there were not any ladies' skates up at the house, so, as the rectory people said they were not coming down to-day, I went on there, and asked them to lend me a pair."

"It was very kind of you to take all that trouble," Valerie said.

"It was for my own gratification, I am afraid."

He was bending over her foot, but he looked into her face as he said the words in French, and in such a low, rapid voice that I only just caught them.

It was not the words, but the tone and look that made me watch eagerly the effect on her. Not a shadow of a blush rose into her clear face: she looked over his head with sad, vacant eyes, bent evidently on another scene than that before her. What was there in his words to bring such a sad, hopeless look into the beautiful face? Something seemed suddenly to have stirred within her a crowd of sorrowful remembrances. In a moment it passed, and there was nothing different about her voice or manner when next she spoke. When the skates were on, before she could rise, Mr. Sartoris put out his hands, saying, nervously—

"Now, please take care; you have no idea how difficult it is, even to stand firmly, just at first."

But she drew back, and with a smile, half arch, half sad, rose lightly on her feet. Then she put her hands into her muff, and glided away with long, slow sweeps. Her cavalier stood still, watching her without a word. I don't think he liked it; it was as if he had been rather taken in, and made to look foolish, and that, in the verimost trifle, was to him gall and wormwood. When she came back to us, there was more of his usual cool sarcasm in his voice than I had ever heard in speaking to her.

"I bow to your superior skill," he said, in a half mocking tone; "forgive my mistake, and accept my humble apologies."

Though he smiled, she was very quick to mark the change in his manner, and instantly set herself to work to soothe him: not that I think she cared for him, but she had an innate horror of being disagreeable to anybody, and a delicate sensitiveness with regard to other people's feelings.

His feathers were certainly effectually smoothed, and, in fact, as I watched them, I began to wonder whether he was trying to play with her, or whether he really liked her. The idea of Mr. Sartoris being attentive to anybody, except in his own cool, insulting, detestable way, was an idea so new as to be startling. She was here under my mother's protection as much as we were, and I determined to tell what I had seen. One thing, however, I now resolved to do. I would give Valerie the letter; before speaking to my mother it was better to be sure that there was any cause to interfere. We generally sat together and read or talked in her room the hour before dinner. She had got hold of a French book in which she was interested; I knew if I brought a book she would read that; so I slipped the piece of letter, as it appeared, between the pages of her novel a little way after her mark, and left it on her table. About an hour before dinner, as I had hoped, she went to her room, and I soon followed; but it seemed as though she would never settle to her book. I sat where I could see her face without her seeing me, and tried to answer her remarks, feeling horribly guilty. For some time she kept up a desultory sort of conversation, keeping me in a fever of expectation by playing with the leaves of the book.

"How well your uncle speaks French, Rachel!" she said.

"Yes, very well; he goes very often to Paris," I answered rather shortly.

"Mr. Sartoris talks better, though."

"Does he?" I said.

"Why, of course he does; you must hear."

"Yes; I suppose so."

"But I wish I could talk to your big Mr. Mountjoy," she said, reflectively.

"Why?"

"Ach!" she smiled; "why one does wish those sort of things I know not: he looks so honest and upright."

"And Mr. Sartoris doesn't, you think?" She raised her eyebrows comically.

"Neither of our Frenchmen are of an open character," she said, with a wise shake of her head.

This was unendurable, and I was preparing to go when she said,—

"There's a man in this book that reminds me of Mr. Sartoris: listen." She then read a description of some one, and after that went on to herself. In a few minutes she turned the page where the little piece of paper lay. I saw her sudden start, and then her face grow deadly pale. She looked round the room with wild, hunted eyes, like a stag brought to bay, seeking some outlet of escape. There could be no doubt. In the first moment of certainty, I felt heartily sorry for what seemed then my cruelty, and would gladly have undone it, had such undoing been possible. Full of remorse and shame, I sat staring at my book. At last the bell rung and I left the room. As I went out, I saw that she was seated in exactly the same position, with the novel lying open before her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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First. The patent *Arion* Reversed Wooden Agraffe Bridge, which retains all the purity of tone only found in a wooden bridge (the rest whereon the strings lay), and obtains all the solid prolonged strength of tone of the metal Agraffe, without that acute metalic noise which the metal Agraffe develops by use.

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